A QUEEN, A TEACHER, A MAID

EXPERIENCES OF WOMEN IN THESE THREE STATIONS.

The Poor Rewards of Music Teachers—Mrs. Whitney's Way of Treating Her Charges—Gentlewomen Taking to Trade in London—Queen of Italy's Maid's Commissions on Purchases for Her Mistress.

Women who teach music in New York rarely make more than a living out of it, and some of them have to struggle hard to do that. "Living" means, of course, several widely different kinds of existence. The teacher with large apartments in expensive quarters of the city and the woman over near Seventy-sixth street and First avenue have different necessities. But it is practically true of both classes that they earn little more than enough to live on in their various ways. If either saves money it is probably the one that lives most modestly, and gets only a quarter of a dollar for giving piano lessons to the children in the neighborhood. In these modest regions singing lessons are rare, and will probably be given by the same teacher that supplies instruction on the piano. There are hundreds of windows in the cheapest flats and tenement houses on the east side, in the German and Bohemian quarters, which bear cards announcing that music lessons are to be given there. In the Bohemian quarter, on the upper east side, these signs are especially frequent. There are few rooms in those tenements that look large enough to hold a piano of any kind, yet there must be a demand for the teachers. The average price of a lesson is 25 cents here. Advertisements in the newspapers not infrequently offer instruction in music in return for lodging, but that seems rather a higher price than the east side musicians pay for their instruction. The teacher who gets $3 or $5 for a lesson in singing or piano playing must pay expensively for rooms, lose all pupils from May 1 to October, run the risk of taking promising pupils who will never pay, and spend her time on others from whom, for one reason or another, she will get nothing. Several years ago one of the singing teachers in New York, who was popular and the best paid for her services, died in such poverty that she had to be buried by charity, although she had continued at work until a short time before her death.

In places outside New York the teachers receive even less than they do here. The following advertisement from a Southern newspaper shows one phase of the music teacher's duties that is quite unknown in New York: "Miss J. Talbert of New Orleans is now here, and will give vocal and manicuring lessons at reasonable rates. Parties who may wish to take lessons can call on her at the Central House. She prefers teaching pupils at their homes. She is just from Baton Rouge, where she has been teaching for the past four months, and brings with her the best of recommendations."

The lowest prices ever paid for singing lessons here never included instruction in the care of the finger nails as well. Yet there are probably some women who started out as students of music who would be glad to possess a good knowledge of manicuring. Few women teachers of singing or the piano, and for that matter, few men who give instruction in either of these branches, ever set out with the idea of giving lessons. That was taken up after the disappointed strugglers had seen that success was not to be found in the way they sought it. One of the members of a company—not by any means a first-class company of the kind—playing in a Bowery theatre died the other day. Some lines of obituary noticed that she had studied singing under two very famous teachers and started life with the hope of becoming a great singer. A manicure in a New York establishment probably received a better salary than she had on the stage and her work was not so difficult. She was a young woman and had not reached her modest position through any worse fault of her own than insufficient talent to do what she had laid out for herself. The Southern woman who prepared herself to be a manicure as well as a vocalist exhibited an amount of foresight that was to her advantage.

The late Mrs. William C. Whitney was one of the first women in New York society to entertain in her own house girls who were in a measure the objects of her charity. Since her first efforts in this direction it has become more common to entertain, as if they were invited guests, young women who come to a house in this way. Now a society which exists for a charitable purpose makes it a rule to have its members entertain the girls for whom the association labors. The experiment of receiving poor girls as if they were guests in her own station of life honored by an invitation to her house, however, was first tried by Mrs. Edith Randolph before she became the wife of Mr. Whitney. She was at that time very much interested in the Girls' Friendly Society of St. George's Church over on Stuyvesant Square. The society meets in one of the church buildings and the members are taught how to sew, cook, make dresses, embroider and do other useful things that may help them to make a livelihood. Regularly paid teachers are employed to do this, but the women of the parish also take an active part in the work. Mrs. Whitney's class used to meet on Tuesday nights, and she was frequently on hand to assume personal charge of the work. There were about twenty-five girls in her class, and they all came to know her well personally. She was an expert needlewoman, could draw and paint decorative work as well as many who have made a livelihood by it and could make valuable suggestions to her pupils in any one of the branches they were studying. So her visits to the class and her personal participation in the lessons were always looked forward to by the girls who had been fortunate enough to get into her class. More eagerly awaited than her visits to the memorial hall, in which the school met, were the invitations to her own house made by Mrs. Whitney to certain of the girls from time to time. She would select a number of them, invite them to her house in East Fortieth street and treat them there as she would any guests in her house. Their plans and work were discussed, conversation and music were indulged in as they might have been among women of the same social position, and beyond the references to their labors in the school there was nothing to indicate any difference between these and the other gatherings in the house. Mrs. Whitney usually had every girl in the class visit her in this way before the winter was over. Her interest in them also took a much more practical form. She was influential enough to do much toward obtaining situations for them not only with her friends, but in the shops as well. A word from her was more potent in getting work for them than many a long recommendation from others might have been. Mrs. Whitney retired from the class about a year before her marriage, and no teacher or patroness was ever more regretted.

Miss Yznaga's bonnet shop in Paris is the latest plunge of a society woman into trade, and it attracted as much attention here as it did in London. The sister of the Duchess of Manchester and Lady Lister-Kaye has lived abroad for some years, but is well remembered here. She has been popular in English society since she first went to London after her sister's marriage. New Yorkers are frequently surprised at the number of women accustomed to society here who have gone into business during the past few years. One of the latest to begin supporting herself and her children has become a nurse. She is not a graduated trained nurse, and probably never will be unless she can some time afford to take the time to acquire the necessary training. That does not now seem probable. Three or four years ago her husband was thought one of the richest men in New York. He was at all events one of the most conspicuous in a way that cost a great deal. Millinery used to attract gentlewomen more than any other occupation, but that is already a little crowded. In London the number of women of position and title who have gone into business to support themselves is larger even than it is here. A cousin of the Duke of Wellington has a flower shop, two girls, popular in society, opened a restaurant and tea room, dressed their waitresses in mauve dresses and white aprons; and the unmarried daughter of a deceased Earl, as well as the niece of a Marquis, conducts a flourishing intelligence office. The daughter of the heir presumptive to an earldom has an embroidery shop; two other nieces of an Earl conduct a tea room and two women of title have become professional nurses. All of these were forced by necessity to go to work. Even with allowance for the difference in size between New York and London, the number of women of good family and position in business is much larger than in New York. It is curious that from the society of neither city has there been any tendency to take to the stage. Possibly more women of the kind mentioned here have gone to the stage in London than here in New York. But the tendency to adopt less artistic professions is much greater.

Not merely society queens, stage queens and such, sell their old clothes, but "regular, regular queens," as W. S. Gilbert wrote in "The Gondoliers," also adopt this somewhat profitable means of getting rid of what is technically called "cast-off clothing." Queen Marguerite of Italy holds twice a year at the Quirinal a sale of her old dresses. Her Majesty, of course, does not auction them off in person or haggle with purchasers over the price of them. Indeed, the sales are said to have been a perquisite of her head maid, who received them from the Queen, but there has always been a belief in Rome that some part of the large sums realized at these sales did not stop at the royal maid, but went higher up. Americans are said to have been always the best purchasers at these sales, as they would pay high prices for a souvenir of the Queen. Probably American women would not have cared for the dresses for any other purpose. Queen Marguerite is not one of the well-dressed royalties of Europe. That can be well enough explained by the fact that her maid buys all her gowns for her. Women who do not go to shops themselves rarely dress well. For this reason prima donnas, however eminent they may happen to be, seldom dress well, because they will not go to shops, and rely on the taste of their maids or on what the tradesmen send them. Queen Marguerite even has her hats trimmed by her maid, and they are such temporary affairs that a new one is rigged up for her Majesty every time she goes out. That no bonnets have ever figured in the old clothes sales at the Quirinal always puzzled the public until the dismissal of the Queen's former maid brought out this cause. One day this maid, who had for years attended to all the Queen's purchases, was ill, and one of the maids of honor went to the tradesman she recommended from her sick bed. He demanded $200 for a light cotton gown. The lady was astonished at the price and protested. "For the Queen the price is $100," the tailor explained, "and the same sum is paid always as commission to Peppina." This was the name of the woman who had been so long in her Majesty's service and had for years bought all her clothes or ordered them sent from the shops. The story told by the tailor led to the instant dismissal of Peppina. She left the Queen's service a few weeks ago, after a term of years in which she should have made her fortune if the sale of the old clothes twice a year was really for her benefit and nobody else's. Queen Marguerite has many beautiful jewels and is very proud of them. They are her chief care, and her pearls are said to be unequalled. So she can afford to be careless about small details of dress. Few women would be willing to follow her example, however, and have their bonnets trimmed anew every time they go out.

THE DOG AND THE LAW.

Remarks of a Georgia Judge Upon Giving a Decision in His Favor.

From the Atlanta Journal.

One of the most interesting, humorous and entertaining opinions ever handed down by a Georgia Judge is that of Judge J. H. Lumpkin of the Fulton Superior Court, in which he holds that a dog is property. The question was raised in the case of Carl Wolfsheimer, plaintiff in certiorari, against J. J. & J. E. Maddox. The dog in controversy was owned by Max Keeke, but came into the possession of Wolfsheimer. The defendants in certiorari levied on it to satisfy a claim against Keeke, and Wolfsheimer claimed the dog was not subject to levy. Judge Orr, before whom the case was tried, held that there was property in a dog, and in sustaining the lower court Judge Lumpkin said in part:

"The dog has figured very extensively in the past and present. In mythology, as Cerberus, he was intrusted with watching the gates of hell; and he seems to have performed his duties so well that there were but few escapes. In the history of the past he has figured extensively for hunting purposes, as the guardian of persons and property, and as a pet and companion. He is the much valued possession of hunters the world over, and in England especially is the 'pack o' hounds' highly prized.

"In literature he has appeared more often than any other animal, except, perhaps, the horse. Sometimes he is greatly praised and at others greatly abused. Sometimes he is made the type of what is mean, low and contemptible, while at others he is described in terms of eulogy. Few men will forget the song of their childhood, which runs:

"Old dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He's gentle; he is kind;
I'll never, never find
A better friend than old dog Tray.

"Nor can any of us fail to remember the intelligent animal on whose behalf 'Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard.' Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead Newfoundland:

"'Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over human ashes, is but a just tribute to the memory of Boatswain, a dog, who was born at Newfoundland May 3, 1803, and died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.'

"The dog has even invaded the domain of art. All who have seen Sir Edward Landseer's great pictures will know how much human intelligence can be expressed in the face of a dog. His picture entitled 'Laying Down the Law' will not be forgotten in considering the dog as a litigant.

"Thus the dog has figured in mythology, history, poetry, fiction and art from the earliest times down to the present, and now in these closing days of the nineteenth century we are called upon to decide whether a dog is a wild animal (*feræ naturæ*), in such sense as not to be leviable property; or, if he is a domestic animal (*domitæ naturæ*), whether he is not subject to levy on the ancient theory that he had no intrinsic value if he was not good to eat.

"Originally all the animals which are now used by man were wild. One after another they have become domesticated and subject to his control, ownership and use. As time progressed they gradually lost their character of wildness, and became more and more subject to mankind, and more and more regarded as ordinary property. At this day no one would contend that the horse was not the subject of absolute property because his ancestors were originally wild, and the same may be said of other animals now thoroughly recognized as domestic. Even in the days of Blackstone, while it was declared that the property in a dog was 'base property,' it was nevertheless asserted that such property was sufficient to maintain a civil action for its loss. (4 Black. Com., 236.) Since that day in the evolution of civilization the dog has not been left behind. He is now not only prized for hunting purposes, as a watchdog and as a pet, but it is common knowledge that many dogs have an actual commercial and market value. When annually there is held in New York a bench show, at which dogs take prizes amounting to thousands of dollars, and where they are bought and sold at prices which are frequently far larger than are paid for ordinary horses, it is rather late in the day to assert that they are not valuable property.

"Dogs are also trained for purposes of exhibition, being sometimes the sole means of support for their masters. It would be an interesting survival of archaic law to say that a showman could put up his tent, give nightly exhibitions of his valuable dogs, making large sums of money from them, get in debt to any given extent, laugh at his creditors and proceed with his daily exhibitions on the ground that his stock in trade was not subject to levy.

"If it be contended that the horse, mule and other animals are used for more practical purposes (some of them as beasts of burden), it need only be asked what animals draw the sledges of the Eskimos and other peoples in the northern latitude. Nor is this confined alone to the Arctic regions. Any traveller on the Continent of Europe, and especially through Belgium, who has kept his eyes open, has seen these animals drawing heavy loads and often taking the place of other draught animals. To indulge in technical refinement and declare that the dog is not subject to levy, although he belongs to a debtor, is useful to the debtor, can be and is actually used, may be transferred by him to another, and is as much the subject of bargain and sale as any other property, merely because in the remote past the ownership of his progenitors may have been considered qualified or 'base,' seems to me untenable on its face. The ancient idea that 'animals which do not serve for food, and which therefore the law holds to have no intrinsic value,' were not the subject of larceny (4 Black. Com. Side, p. 236), has passed away. Now the stomach is not the only criterion of value. Even then, as already stated, a civil action could be brought for the loss of a dog. Generally property which may be sold and possession delivered is a subject of levy (omitting choses in action and equitable assets). (7 Eng. and Am. Enc. Law p. 127, division V.)

"The dog has been very often before the courts of the different States and of different countries, and has been the subject of a good deal of judicial humor and of judicial learning; but it bears a tinge of the ridiculous to contend that, however many and however valuable dogs a man may own, he cannot be made to pay his debts if he will only invest his money in dogs—a contention which reminds one of the very solemn discussions in some of the courts at a time not very long past, as to whether the oyster was a wild animal."

After citing decisions in various States as to the status of dogs, Judge Lumpkin said:

"Upon consideration of the whole case I am of opinion that the property was subject to the levy, and that the judgment of the Justice was right. Let judgment be entered accordingly."

No Nicknames.

"Please ma'am," said little Susan Gratebar to Mrs. Staybolt, at whose house she was staying to dinner, "will you give me a little more asparagustus?"

"'Asparagustus,' child?" said Mrs. Staybolt, "why, what under the canopy can you mean?"

"Why, I suppose you call it aspara-gus," said little Susan, "but my papa doesn't allow us to use any nicknames."

WONDERFUL TRAMP HEN IS DEAD.

She Had Ideas About Laying Eggs, and Also a Tender Conscience.

"I was up in the Genesee Valley last week," said John Gilbert, the travelling groceryman, "and went over to Arnold's place to see how the wonderful tramp hen was getting along, and was grieved to hear that she was dead. That hen beat all. Nobody ever knew where she came from. Arnold found her in the yard one morning five years ago keeping company with the only chicken he owned at that time, another hen. The strange hen was plainly a tramp. No one in all that vicinity had lost a hen, and no one had ever seen this one. She was a red hen, with a bluish cast to her comb, and of breed uncertain. She settled down on the Arnold place with such an air of contentment and ardent determination to stay there that Arnold raised no objection. Two or three days later the hen made a nest on an ash heap and laid an egg in it. She must have laid the egg early in the morning, for it was there at 7 o'clock, when Arnold discovered it. This was on a Monday. The hen laid an egg every day after that until the following Sunday, and each egg seemed to be put in the nest an hour later each day. Sunday the hen didn't lay, but at noon next day she deposited an egg in the nest. As if to make up for skipping an egg Sunday, Monday's egg was an unusually large one and had two yolks.

"This remarkable hen kept on laying an egg daily during that week, the one that was laid on Friday being deposited in the nest at just 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Next day she started in at 6 o'clock in the morning with her egg for that day, and on Sunday rested again and laid no egg. The following Monday, though, she laid another very large egg. This one, too, was found to have two yolks. It was laid at 7 o'clock. And so she went on, depositing an egg in the nest an hour later each day until she reached 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when she would resume operations at 6 o'clock in the morning, always taking a rest on Sunday and making up for it by laying a double-yolked egg on Monday. She was so regular and prompt on the hour that the Arnold family got to depending more on the hen for the right time o' day than they did on the clock, but not until one day, according to their clock, she had laid her egg at ten minutes before 12, and they thought she had made a mistake; but they found that she hadn't, the clock being just ten minutes slow.

"It was along about May last year that I happened to get in that part of the Genesee Valley, and everybody was talking about Arnold's wonderful tramp hen, her fame having spread all over the region, and folks were coming from miles around to take a look at her, and I went over to see the extraordinary chicken myself. I found the family somewhat dismayed and they were all out looking at the hen. She was wallowing lazily in the dust in the road, and I could see that something was wrong.

"'What's up?' I said. 'The hen ain't sick, is she?'

"'We don't know,' said Arnold, 'but things don't look right. Her hour for to-day is passed, and she hasn't laid an egg.'

"I waited around all day, waiting to see what the result would be, but the hen didn't lay. I went back to the hotel, feeling disappointed myself and leaving the Arnold family way down in the dumps. The news spread that the wonderful hen had skipped her hour, and nothing else was talked about. Next day I went over to Arnold's again, anxious to hear how the hen was getting along. I found the family in high spirits, and the hen was singing so you could hear her a quarter of a mile away.

"'She came around all right,' said Arnold, 'and laid an egg at the hour it was due to-day. And it's a double-yolker. I can't see how she happened to make a slip of it yesterday.'

"All of a sudden an idea hit me.

"'Say!' said I. 'You haven't found out yet what a real wonder this hen is! Yesterday was May 30, wern't it?'

"'Yes,' said Arnold.

"'Decoration Day,' said I. 'Holiday. This hen doesn't work on holidays, I take it, any more than she does on Sundays!'

"And that proved to be the case, for Arnold kept me posted a good while by letter as to the doings of the hen. When Fourth of July came round no egg, but a double-yolked one next day. Then right along she went again, with an egg every day but Sunday, double yolk on Monday, until Thanksgiving. No egg Thanksgiving, double yolk next Day. No egg Christmas, no egg New Year's Day, but double-yolk eggs after each of these holidays. And so she went on as regular as the days and Sundays and holidays came. I hadn't heard anything from the hen for a long time, her performances having become an old thing, so last week, when I was up in that country again, I went over to see how the wonderful tramp hen was getting along.

"'Oh!' said Arnold, 'she's dead.'

"I was sorry to hear it, and no mistake.

"'Hope you did not kill her for potpie,' I said.

"'Lord, no,' said Arnold. 'She just died!'

"'How did it happen?' said I.

"'Well, you know Christmas fell on Sunday,' said Arnold. 'Of course she didn't lay an egg on Sunday, and, as we kept Monday as the holiday, of course she didnt lay an egg on that day. Tuesday she laid an egg that was a sight to see. It was as big as a goose egg, and three yolks! But I don't think she liked doing three days' work in one and she couldn't conscientiously do anything else. New Year came along the same way. Saturday the hen laid her egg at her regular hour for that day, and we didn't notice particularly until Tuesday morning that she wasn't around as usual. There was no egg, either big or little, in the nest that day, and then we became alarmed. We started out to look up the hen. We found her lying under the manger, dead.'

"That's what Arnold told me, and I had no reason to doubt it. That hen was quite as wonderful in her death, according to my idea, as she was in her life. She was extraordinary, and no mistake, but she drew her conscience down a little too fine."

Mystery of Warts.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Several years ago I called one Sunday morning upon an experienced and able physician of New York city to consult him. As I entered his office I saw him rubbing a copper cent upon a plainly visible wart upon a lady's forefinger, and after so rubbing it he blew upon it, saying the words "Go away, wart; go away, wart," two or three times. He then dismissed her, saying "If that don't cure it nothing will, but come next Sunday and let me know how it is." My curiosity was excited, and I asked him about it. He told me he had been treating the wart with different applications every Sunday for two or three months without any results and had finally tried the old German charm.

As I saw him very frequently afterward, I asked him as to the effect of the charm. He told me the lady came back and reported the wart as gone the next Sunday.

I remember suffering from several on my hands when a boy and that they disappeared after using some charm, I forget just what, and never returned.

MAY 8. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* In reference to the interesting matter of "warts," now being referred to in THE SUN, I have to say that I well remember my experience when a boy in having a wart talked off of my finger by an uncle. His method was to undertake it before breakfast, in the early morning, by moistening his finger several times with his spittle and gently rubbing and saturating, and thereby softening the wart, meantime appearing to mumble some witchery in words. This process, repeated on several mornings, did after a time remove the wart. To my childish imagination this seemed wonderful, and I thought my uncle, of course, awful smart, but I am now convinced that the secret of it all lay in the repeated use of the early morning saliva. Another way which, when a boy, I learned for the removal of warts was this: While spending my summer vacations in the country I was told, and found it to be a fact, that by applying the milk of the milkweed to a wart repeatedly it resulted in causing the wart to dry up and disappear. This remedy I believe to be a genuine one for the removal of warts. JOHN F. BAXTER.

NEW YORK, May 9.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* My uncle, who was blind for forty years, removed warts with neatness and despatch. His method was in passing his hand lightly over the growth, whispering to himself words calculated to drive away the trouble, and shaking his hand loosely from the wrist three times and making his fingers snap in doing so. The warts always disappeared in the time he stated and never returned. MARTHA.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., May 16.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have got much interested in the letters from people who have been troubled and annoyed with warts. Some years ago, when I was a boy, I had warts. A lady told me to get a piece of black cotton thread, and for every wart tie a knot in the thread, bury where no one would see where, and when the thread had rotted the warts would disappear. In a few weeks the warts simply dropped off, to my surprise.

NEW YORK, May 17. E. J. MCLAUGHLIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* As a real country boy, I must protest against the inaccuracy of your statement that "frogs make warts come, of course." Toads are responsible for warts on boys' hands, as all country boys will testify. The chap who confuses a frog with a toad has got very far from his country home. J. F.

NEW YORK, May 17.

ALONG THE SHREWSBURY.

A TRIP ON A RIVER WHICH IS UNLIKE MOST OTHERS.

If People Tire of Sailing They Can Walk—Unusual Perils of Navigation—Remarks on the River by the Clammers Who Belong on It—Yarn of the Leaking Boiler.

The Shrewsbury is the only river near New York on which if you do not like sailing you may get out and walk. Yet in spite of a capricious shallowness and an ever-changing channel, a big steamboat plies up and down this river and furnishes as much excitement and fun as a Mississippi liner. The river is full of sand banks, clams and the manœuvrings of shellbacks. The steamboat literally treads the channel, for instead of leaving behind it a stretch of foam it heaves up in its wake rolling billows of brown mud, velvety and full of moss, which turns over like the grounds in unstrained coffee. When the steamer comes along the shellbacks do not manipulate their skiffs so that they will ride head-on to the billows. Instead, they hop out of their boats, stand waist deep in the water and hold the boats steady until the water quiets down. Then they climb in and go on raking clams.

The channel of the river is so tortuous and narrow that the steamer is compelled to feel its way along between two rows of saplings which have been planted so as to form a guiding lane like the electric lights of Gedney's Channel. These saplings will never become trees; the channel shifts too often for that. For the same reason no large boat ever goes up the river after nightfall. The Shrewsbury is that arm of the sea which lies in back of the peninsula of Sandy Hook. All the North Jersey summer resorts are on this peninsula, but if the ocean goes on biting off big chunks of land on the sea side of it some of the dwellers thereon will have to move across the river. Once or twice the sea has broken through and made an island of the Hook, and, besides changing the river channel, has ruined the oyster beds, which could not withstand the sudden influx of very salt water. So, as the boat floats down with its load of passengers, horses and inanimate freight, it has to feel its way over the bottom and occasionally pokes its nose into new mud banks and hurriedly backs off again, amid the advice of shellback passengers and the sudden stumbling of horses. During a recent trip a group of clammers stood on deck and watched the work of a pilot, who often asked his passengers to trim ship so that he might the better work her around a particularly hard corner.

"Why don't he walk the horses over, too? Who ever heard of a steamboat asking its passengers to trim ship?" growled one old fisherman from the Highlands. Parkertown, which nestles under the fortress-like battlements of Navesink Lights, is full of clammers. On Saturdays they come to town and carry back groceries and tackle in long paper flour bags tied around the neck with heavy twine. Most of them have been to sea and all seem to have trodden the quarter deck. Captains are as plentiful as Kentucky Colonels.

"Look where he's goin'. He'll be on Nigger Flat in a minute," said another clammer.

"Mebby he's huntin' for the red buoy that was swept away last month. Hey, there, don't ye know that red spar's gone?"

But the pilot already had rung the bell and the boat stopped on the very edge of the flat. Then it began to back.

"Looks more like he's tryin' to run down old Bill Clark. Hey! Bill, don't ye know enough to get out of the way of steamboats?" This from another shellback who yelled to a brother clammer in a boat. When the steamer backed the boatman was pulled nearly under the paddle wheel. Old Clark, who was short, squat and red-faced, stood in his flat-bottom skiff and worked it back with one oar while he tried to save his line and anchor with the other. The mass of the steamboat cabin got between the boatman and the spectators. There was a rush to the side as the skiff disappeared in the foam of the wheel, which was racing around like a locomotive's drivers trying to start on wet rails.

"He's under," cried one man who leaned out further than the rest.

But just then the skiff shot away from its dangerous position, out into full view of all on the steamboat. The man had cut his cable. And then old Clark stood up in his boat and swore till women passengers retired to the cabin and the whistle of a locomotive on shore seemed like a great voice lifted in horror.

"Why didn't ye watch out, Clarkie?" cried one shellback banteringly.

"Get out! Old Carkie knows he don't never have to look out if she didn't whistle for him, not even if she ran him plumb down," remarked another clammer. "Every steamer's got to whistle if she wants you to get out—or else go round you."

The boat had now gone on the right side of the place where the red buoy used to be and was steaming slowly along the channel toward Fort Hancock.

"It's my opinion," said one riverman, "that there won't be any river here in six months if the Government don't fix it. Here they are building a cribwork to catch the sand on one side and diggin' the shiftin' mud out of the flat on the other to make a channel, and all the time the tide sets across the cut, filling it up fuller than before they started to dig it. Might as well try to fill a keg of beer with a hole in the centre of it. Why don't they dig the channel the way the river wants it? Then the stream would help 'em clean it out. Ye can't make water do only what it wants to. Any riverman will tell you that. Why, we've got twelve-year-old boys in the town that could tell 'em how to do it better'n they've done it. Where'd they get them surveyors, anyhow?"

"Oh," said another contemptuously, "they're men from the Pines, I've heard. Never knowed nothin' about water till they saw this. Look how the sand's gone away from that dike instid o' bankin' behind it. An' over there you can walk on the bottom nearaways up to Captin Jack's. Captin Jack'll have to build a ship railway to get his boats out of the cove if this keeps on!"

"Well," said one who had heretofore kept silent, "why didn't they go bathin' afore they built the dike if they wanted to know? Every one knows that if you stand on the beach the very next breaker'll take the sand away from under your feet and sink you down until you're over your head! It's just that way with the dike. They oughter asked us river men about it. We could 'a' told them."

One of the deckhands came out on the open deck and squeezed a wet mop over the rail.

"Curious," said one of the men, "what a lot of water's running across the deck of this boat."

"Oh, that's from her journey works. I noticed that paddle box leakin' once before. It's nothin' serious. But I remember seein' water runnin' acrost a boat that run from these 'ere Highlands which was a case of life and death. It was the old Plymouth, that used to run across the bay. I knowed the engineer and his people intimate. We was a-settin' on her goin' along one day when we noticed a lot o' water runnin' overboard. The passengers got scared and wanted to know about it, but the engineer tells them it isn't anything serious. They had the donkey pumps goin', a pumpin' and pumpin', and I goes down and finds out what it is. Well, sir, I was scared enough when I finds out. Why, the boiler had cracked along a line of rivets and the water in it was a-comin' out jemicketty. Well, sir, them donkey engines wasn't pumpin' the water out of her, as you might think at first—they was pumpin' it into her, into her boiler. Ye see, that crack was below the surface of the boilin' water in the boiler and the idea was to keep it above that crack, fer if they let it sink the steam would come out and bust her and we all would have gone to the bottom o' the bay—that is, if we ever came down after we went up. It was a race 'tween them donkey pumps and the steam powers of that boiler, and all the time the engineer was tellin' them passengers not to be afraid and 'twasn't nothin' serious. But, says I to him on the side, 'it mayn't be nothin' serious, but if one of your donkeys gives out it'll be all up with us. Do you think ye'll have to beach her?' 'What!' says he, 'and get the sack fer it? Beach 'er be hanged; we're goin' to N' York!' And go we did, with the donkeys a-racin' all the way. 'Twas a wonder he made steam, but he did."

The boat by this time had tied up at the Sandy Hook pier, and as no person is allowed to land without a permit a soldier stood at each side of the gangplank. In each gun was the short modern sword bayonet.

"'Pears to me," said one old river man, whose face was clean shaven, but from whose neck hung a beard a foot long, "'Pears to me those baynits couldn't do as much damage as the old long kind we used in the civil war."

"Oh, I dunno," replied the boiler story man, "if you had one of them pushed into you a peg it would give you the he-cups."

"It is queer," continued this same man, "how they won't let nobody on the Hook since the war began. They used to. They's good huntin' all over that place. Do you see that little red house over there among the trees? Well, that's the dynamite house. It's full o' gunpowder, I'm told. I've knocked over dozens o' rabbits not fifty feet from that house, but now they won't let you hunt there at all."

"Mebbe they thought ye might steal some of the stuff," remarked another of the group with what was meant to be a very sly wink at the others. "I've heard that niter-glycerine is awful good stuff for a sore throat."

Although their faces remained as grave as ever, several of the men allowed their bodies to shake with that species of internal laughter characteristic of these river men. But the joke was lost on the proscribed hunter. This man had a way of saying many things that caused the internal laughter of his companions to become visible.

Quaint sayings constantly interspersed the conversation on the way to the Battery. An English tramp steamer going down the bay brought forth the remark that "there was an old Englishman goin' out to plough." Another man in the group remarked that this same boat, which was deep laden, "bit a bit of water at that." When a war vessel was passed off Tompkinsville, Staten Island, one of the slammers wanted to know which of the "little animals" was that.

LAWS AND ORDINANCES THAT HELD GOOD MANY YEARS AGO.

Rigid Observance of the Sabbath a Primary Exaction of Citizens in the Time of Mayor Duane—An Old-Time Precursor of the Raines Law—Mr. Coler's Rare Book.

In the Mayoralty of James Duane, Esq., certain laws and ordinances were ordained and established by the Mayor, Aldermen and Commonalty of the city of New York in Common Council convened "for the good Rule and Government of the Inhabitants and Residents of the said City," as duly set forth in a copy of the laws and ordinances now in the possession of Comptroller Coler, who has a large and valuable collection of old books and pamphlets relating to the early history of New York. This print was purchased at a book auction in Boston two weeks ago and is in excellent condition. On the outside it bears an inscription to the effect that it was published "the Twenty-Ninth day of March, 1786, in the Tenth year of our Independence," by Samuel and John Loudon, printers to the State. Samuel and John seem to have done their work in rather better style than the modern official printer does his, and the pamphlet is an excellent bit of printing and not without little elegancies of ornamentation which one would hardly expect in a production of that nature. Its contents, which are varied and touch on a number of phases of contemporary existence, suggest that life in this city was more restricted 100 years ago than it is to-day.

As befits a serious community, the first place in its laws was given to the observance of the Sabbath: "A Law for the due observation of the Lord's-Day, called Sunday." This provides that no person shall buy or sell on Sunday or do any labor excepting works of piety, charity or necessity, under a penalty of ten shillings fine for every offence; furthermore, in somewhat doubtful grammar, though doubtless with good intent, that "no Person of whatever Age or Sex shall meet together on the said Day in any of the Streets or other Place and there sport, play, or make a noise or disturbance," the penalty for that being a fine of two shillings, failing which, an hour in the watch house. And here is the forerunner of the Raines law, even to the opportunity for evading it:

"And Be It Further Ordained, by the Authority aforesaid, That no Public Inn-Keeper, Alehouse-Keeper, Victualler, or Ordinary-Keeper shall entertain or receive Company in their Houses or other Place or Places and there sell any Kind of Wine, or other Liquor on the said Day (unless to Strangers, Travellers, or those who lodge in such Houses, for necessary Refreshment); and that no Inn-Keeper, Ale-House Keeper, Victualler, or Ordinary-Keeper do at any Time suffer any excessive drinking or Persons to be drunk in their Houses under the Penalty of Twenty Shillings for each Offence."

Under the heading "A Law for the better Preventing of Fire" certain rules are set forth for the government of the citizens and firemen. One rule provides for the examination of chimneys by constables, and ordains that "if any Chimney within this City shall take fire for want of being kept Clean, the Occupant thereof shall Forfeit the Sum of Forty Shillings." What "Occupant" a chimney is likely to have, unless a chimney swallow, or a wedged-in sweep, is difficult to guess. Provision is made for the keeping of leather water buckets in convenient spots in houses and buildings at the expense of the owners; and here is the whole duty of the fireman duly set forth:

"That as often as any Fire shall break out within this City, the said Fire-men shall immediately upon Notice thereof repair to their respective Fire Engines, and draw them to the Place where such Fire shall happen, and there, by the Direction of the Mayor, Recorder and Aldermen, Sheriff, Engineer or Overseer of the Fire Engines, or any of them who shall be present, Work and Manage the said Fire Engines, and other Tools and Instruments, with all their Power and Skill, for the speedy extinguishing of such Fire, and when such Fire is extinguished, Shall return the said Fire Engines and other Tools and Instruments, well washed and cleaned, to their respective proper Places of Deposit; that if any Fireman shall be absent from any such Fire (without reasonable Cause) he shall, for every such Default, Forfeit and Pay the Sum of Twelve Shillings."

The keeping of hay or straw in any building south of a certain line is forbidden, and also the firing of "gun, pistol, rocket, cracker or squib" within the limits under penalty of a fine of 10 shillings. The next law is devoted entirely to safeguards against gunpowder, which was then regarded with more awe than in our times, when it is rather dwarfed as a destructive agent by the occasional unexpected and spectacular performances of dynamite and other modern explosives. Twenty-eight pounds in four separate stone jugs or tin canisters was the limit of the amount of powder which any person could have in his house or store at one time, the city providing a powder house for the safe keeping of the explosive in larger quantities. The law for public markets provides that "every Day in the Week (except Sunday) be, and hereby is, Appointed a Public Market Day within this City from Sun-Rise to Sun-Set," and that all dealers must be duly licensed. In one of the provisions of this law appears a word which is now fallen to a slang use chiefly, but in this connection seems to be well established as a proper term, the provision being the enactment of a penalty for selling any blown meat or "measly" pork. A slaughter house is arranged for and then the authorities turn their attention to the sale of bread, ordaining that all bread offered for sale shall be of good quality and each loaf be plainly marked with the initials of the baker, under penalty of forfeiting to the poor all stock unmarked. In the law against nuisances there appears this remarkable assortment of articles which might chance to be found in "any of the Streets, Lanes, Alleys, Wharfs or Piers," "Timber, Boards, Plank, Staves, Heading, Pitch, Tar, Turpentine, Grindstones, Anchors, Bricks, or any other kind of Lumber or other Thing."

From the nature of the list it would seem as if each lawmaker suggested some article and the law was made up of the lot in the order suggested, or perhaps it was arranged on the general conversation principle of the Walrus and the Carpenter in the poem:

"The time is come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things;
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

Cartmen must have had a hard life in the olden times. In the first place the cartman must be a freeman of the city and specially licensed to do a carting business. His cart must be "two Feet five Inches wide between the foremost Rungs, and two Feet nine Inches wide between the hindmost Rungs, and no more or less," and all the rungs must be 3 feet 8 inches high above the floor, "and no more or less." This was for the purpose of establishing a uniform price for carting. The wheels were to be 4½ inches broad and 8 inches deep, and if they were iron shod it cost the unfortunate driver 20 shillings fine every time he carried a load. Moreover, the cartman was obliged to walk beside his vehicle, being forbidden to ride except in case of great age or disability, when he could get a special permit from the Mayor to sit upon his load. He must not refuse to cart at any time when required and he must leave all other employ to cart wheat, flour or other merchandise subject to damage, under penalty of 20 shillings for each default, and for his ordinary load he received one shilling a half mile. If there had been cabmen in those days one wonders what kind of rules they would have had to stagger under. The remainder of the laws in the pamphlet regulate the sale of hay, firewood, building stone, the pay of public measurers, the lying of vessels in docks and slips and the mode of recovery and appropriation of fines.

Mr. Coler paid $25 for the publication and values it at a much higher price, as copies of the old municipal laws are hard to find now.

The Superiority of American Cement.

The statement is made by American engineers, notably by those engaged in the construction in Boston of the new and vast South Terminal Railway Station, that there is now produced in America, and in immense quantity, Portland cement equal in quality and service to the very best foreign article and at a lower cost. This fact is duplicated in what is known as probably the most notable test in this line ever made in the United States, viz., in the cement contract for the great dam at Holyoke, Mass. The contract was open to the world, prominent German manufacturers entered into the competition, and the award was announced to be given absolutely on merit. The principal American and foreign samples having been submitted, after thorough tests, the superiority of the American was acknowledged.

Can't Judge a Carpet

altogether by appearances. One thing—durability—is proved only by the wear-test. We guarantee every yard of carpet, and sell it at a price made the lowest possible by manufacturing our own goods.

Following figures are special to clear out odd rolls and part pieces:

Axminsters	$1.15 regular, at **65c.**
Extra Tapestry	85c. regular, at **55c.**
Worsted Velvets	$1.10 regular, at **67½c.**
Extra Velvets	$1.25 regular, at **77½c.**
Body Brussels	$1.10 regular, at **67½c.**
Best Body Brussels	$1.20 regular, at **77½c.**
All-Wool Ingrains	65c. regular, at **40c.** and **47½c.**

CARPET RUGS, all sizes and kinds, about one-third less than regular.

John & James Dobson,
2 EAST 14TH STREET, Corner Fifth Avenue.

A YALE-HARVARD GAME.

Memory of a Football Field That Defies Elucidation.

It was growing very late in the "Joint." So many of the lights had been turned low that the firelight shone out from the big open grate strongly and bathed in its ruddy glow the dark, polished floor and chairs and tables, the arms and bits of armor on the walls, the crowded pictures and the rows of quaint steins and drinking mugs. The cashier in his little cage was sweeping money piece by piece from his desk into his palm, and checking up a column of figures. The waiters, Alphonse, Leon and the rest were grouped near the kitchen door, counting up their tips and chattering quietly. Some had already put on their overcoats. A few men lingered here and there through the room, pulling at cigars nearly burned away, and talking in low tones. The electric lights outside shone on window panes white and glistening with frost, and from outside came the steady rumble of carriages and the occasional clatter of a train on the elevated. Inside the "Joint" it was delightfully quiet and cozy; a mellow tranquillity brooded there, a rich and peaceful atmosphere, fragrant with the perfume of cigars and the faint aroma of hot Scotch. But suddenly the mellow tranquillity was shattered by a series of loud thumps on a table.

"By thunder," cried a loud, determined voice, "I say no, no, no."

A series of equally loud thumps followed.

"By thunder," cried an equally loud and determined voice, "I say yes, yes, yes."

The cashier stopped in the middle of a column, the waiters spun round on their heels and the loiterers lifted their heads and twisted themselves round in their chairs.

"You are accusing me of something," cried the first loud voice, "that is equally a disgrace to me and to my college."

"And what you accuse me of," cried the second loud voice, "is no less a disgrace to my college and to me."

"We agree that the thing was done," cried the first speaker, passionately.

"Yes, we agree to that," said the second speaker.

"And we have narrowed the doer of it down to you or me," the first speaker persisted.

"To you or me," repeated the second speaker.

"Then, I say, sir," cried the first speaker, with another series of thumps, "then, I say, sir, that the facts, the cold, hard, indisputable facts"—

"Hold on," cried the other, "the facts prove nothing. The interpretation of them counts."

"But haven't I interpreted them?" cried the first speaker in an exasperated squeak. "I appeal to any one—to the gentlemen here. Will any one of you gentlemen, or all of you," he called to the spectators, "kindly step here?"

Two or three got up and drew near.

"Now, my friend and I," said the first speaker, very red, and talking very loud and rather thickly, "who by the way have not met for years, have come to a curious but very momentous disagreement. Gentlemen, I—let me diagram the argument for you."

"Yes; let him diagram the argument," said the other, who was pale and composed, but rather erratic in his movements.

"This, then, is my friend," said the first speaker, laying a brown squat bottle labelled "Rye" on the table, "who, by the way, is Mr. Giles, the famous Harvard halfback. And this," laying a champagne bottle beside the other, "is me, Gillis, formerly an end on the Yale team."

"Yes," said Mr. Giles, with grave intelligence, tremblingly brushing away an imaginary fly, "me and him."

"These," said Gillis, piling a couple of champagne bottles and all the glasses within reach on the table, "are the teams. It happened once, in one of the games in which we were opposed, that Yale had carried the ball almost to her opponent's goal line. I recall the incidents that followed with the greatest clearness."

"With the greatest clearness; but I do, too," murmured Giles.

"In attempting to break through the Harvard line," said Gillis dramatically, "the Yale back dropped the ball; I fell on it."

"But you had the senses knocked out of you," Giles interrupted, coldly and insistently.

"I admit," said Gillis, "that the pile of men falling upon me for a moment stunned me. When I gathered my senses a Harvard man had the ball."

"And just at this point I object and protest," said Giles in a determined tone.

"Permit me to say my say first," said Gillis with dignity. "Gentlemen, that was a very oppressive heap; very heavy and very tightly packed. In all my football experience I have never been at the bottom of such an oppressive heap. And the men above us were an interminable time in getting off. The ball was near me and held by a Harvard man. I could see his red sleeves wrapped around it."

"I object," murmured Giles. "I object and protest."

"Now, all the time," Gillis went on, "this Harvard man whose head was butted into my stomach kept up a constant yell of 'Get off, get off,' and finally, gentlemen, I distinctly heard him say 'Damn them, if they won't get off let them take the consequences.' And in some way he found means to shove that ball out of the heap. A Yale man captured it and made a touch down, but of course it was not allowed, as the ball was out of play. Mr. Giles here and I in our discussion have made it certain that one or the other of us was guilty of surrendering that ball. And as I saw a Harvard man give up that ball, why"— Mr. Gillis finished his speech with a shrug.

"He says he saw," said Giles thickly, with a dreamy look. "Yes, but sometimes people don't see straight. Now I was under that pile of men, gentlemen, with just as good ears and just as good eyes as Mr. Gillis had, and I heard a man yelling, 'Get off, get off;' and I heard a man say 'Damn them, if they won't get off let them take the consequences,' and I saw a man shove the ball out of the heap. And the man was an Eli."

"Good gosh, Giles, you make me mad," cried Gillis. "Look at my position, look at this bottle, this is me. I ask you, how could I have shoved that ball out? Explain it—explain it, sir."

"Don't shout, Gillis," said Giles, blandly. "I won't explain, I'll just state the facts. But yes, I will explain just to prove it to you. Now this," holding up the whiskey bottle dreamily, "is me, this is me."

"Go on," snorted Gillis combatively.

"My theory is," Giles went on slowly, "that you were out of your head. You admit you were knocked a little silly—ver' bad thing to be knocked a little silly, gentlemen, by football or bottles or anything. Well, when you're knocked a little silly—why, you sometimes think you're somebody else. Any of you ever been knocked a little silly? Well, when you're coming to you think you're some one else, and you say, 'Why, that poor devil's knocked out,' kick or fizz perhaps, and all the time the fellow you're pitying is yourself. And the point I'm trying to get at," he concluded, struggling to sit upright, "is that Gillis here, being knocked a little silly, thought he was somebody else when he saw somebody, which was himself, shoving out that football."

"Oh, that's all very fine and subtle," cried Gillis, "but we've argued this out before. Weren't you a little stunned yourself when that pile came down?"

"Little stunned?" said Giles, dreamily. "Yes, ver' little stunned."

"Well, then, why isn't it just as likely that you were you when you thought you saw me shoving out that ball as that I was you when I thought you—oh, Lord, you know what I mean."

Giles nodded complacently. "Hard work provin' anythin' that way," he murmured.

Gillis blazed up. "Then I'll prove it by facts. Give me that bottle, I'll show you where you lay—I—you're perfectly cool, Giles? This room is getting a little hot."

"Don't get angry, Gillis," said Giles; "don't like to see you get angry."

"Angry!" cried Gillis. "I'm just as c'lected, and sober"— Smash he brought the whiskey bottle down on the pile on the table.

"Come, come," cried the appreciative bystanders.

"I'm afraid you gentlemen will be losing your identities again if you carry on this argument any longer," said a big man with a deep voice.

"Oh, perfectly friendly argument," murmured Giles.

"Help them on with their coats," whispered the big man.

Some one brought the coats and they bundled Gillis and Giles into them and helped them to settle their accounts with the waiter and helped them downstairs. All the time Gillis was crying in his hearty way: "Very good of you fellows. Only wish I could have convinced you all by convincing my friend here;" and Giles would murmur: "Yes, awfully good. But my friend here, splendid fellow, gets knocked little silly by football—and—things."

"Better let me get you a cab," said the big man when they were on the sidewalk.

"No, no; got to settle this argument," said Gillis, nervously.

"Yes," said Giles, tapping his head with great significance. "Got to see it out."

They walked away arm in arm, steadily enough, except that Gillis sometimes made sudden little detours, and Giles stepped with great care, as if going through very high grass.

They walked that night interminably. Where they went they did not notice and did not care. Sometimes Gillis would say: "For a change let's turn down this street." And sometimes Giles would murmur: "Looks like a good street, let's go up it," and they talked interminably. With their heads close together most of the time, both talking at once, they argued persuasively, earnestly, with little bursts of eloquence, with long chains of subtle reasoning. Finally they were passing through a little park. Suddenly Giles stopped, and as Gillis was linked to him, and each held up the other, Gillis perforce stopped too.

"Got an inspiration," said Giles. "Lemme put your hat on the ground."

He stood Gillis's silk hat on the ground and placed his own about ten feet away.

"The goal posts," he explained, proudly. "You remember that scrimmage took place right under the goal posts. Now we'll get right down and prove which one gave up that ball."

"Splendid idea," cried Gillis. "Here goes." and he plumped down on the bare, frozen ground. Giles followed.

"We were lyin' something like this," said Gillis, with satisfaction, after some manœuvring.

"But, great Scott, you're right on my neck," cried Giles, in a smothered voice.

Some rolling about followed.

"Now, as we were," announced Giles, "you really couldn't see me."

"See," exclaimed Gillis, "I should think not. You're running your boot into my eye. Hold on."

"We're getting pretty old for football," said Giles, panting.

A heavy step sounded far off on the stone walk and came slowly near.

"Holy Moses," muttered Patrolman Murtha, as he came into view, "what be them rumpagin round on the grass, camels or men? Hey there, g'wan, get up."

"G'way," said Gillis with dignity, sitting up; "this is a Yale-Harvard game."

"A Yale-Harvard game, is it?" said Patrolman Murtha. "It's a new kind of a game to me. But ye'll have to discontinoo it, or I'll be running you in."

"Ver' important point got to be settled," said Giles, lying placidly on his back.

"Will I run you in?" said Patrolman Murtha, tapping the sole of his shoe.

"Run us anywhere, but don't separate us," cried Gillis with earnestness. "Officer, we've just got to find out who gave up that ball."

But just then the big man happened along with an "It's all right, officer; friends of mine." With some coaxing and with Murtha's help he got them into a carriage and took them away.

The disputed point of that Yale-Harvard game has never been settled. But Gillis and Giles try to settle it, patiently and enthusiastically. No one, however, who knows them, ever brings them together, or by any chance lets them come together.

The Duty of the Pulpit.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* It seems to me that ministers in general are more to blame for the present state of "easy" matrimonial matters than any other sort of people.

A few weeks ago Dr. Rainsford spoke regarding hell. He said, as you afterward quoted editorially, that there was no hell and that no educated people believed there was. Now, it is just this sort of preaching that sends more people to hell (I, in my ignorance, believe that there is such a place) than it ever leads to heaven. People who have an idea that there is no punishment after death for their sins in life are devoid of a deterrent influence; and it is a well-known fact that persons govern their actions in subservience to this belief. If, on the contrary, there is no belief in a material hell, what is there to prevent the crime of adultery from an alarming increase? If a man covets another's wife, will he pause simply through moral restraint? Positively, no! It is an easy task to be the champion of virtue and emphatically deny this, but the truth remains that men frequently boast of criminal conquest of this sort.

What do some of the plays in New York during the season just closing teach? Take, for instance, "Zaza," "The Cuckoo," "The Turtle," and "Mlle. Fifi." If I am happy in thinking that there is a reward for me if I live religiously, and if I'm equally glad to know that there is a punishment to restrain me from doing wrong, are Ingersoll, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Rainsford and the others of that class favoring morals by disturbing my contentment?

All this has a bearing on the subject of adultery. Ministers will sow better seed by condemning the incentives to such immorality than by preaching about political corruption. And, besides, it's more (or should be more) in their line. JOHN J. SCULLY.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., May 17.

The Religious Spirit More Prevalent Than Ever.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Never since Christ and His glorious teachings appeared on this globe has the spirit of Christianity been so prevalent among men. Churches are attended mainly by and dominated over by women; hence reasoning men seldom hear great truths expounded therein and perforce turn to their newspapers to read, study and be enlightened by the reports of sermons by men like Dr. Briggs, Lyman Abbott and others. I venture to say that eight out of every ten travelling men, merchants, newspaper, business and professional men are non-church members but still fervent believers in Christ's teachings. Protestants are not becoming atheists, but rather students who know how to separate the chaff from the grain.

NEW YORK, May 17. GEORGE W. LA HAY.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.